Some Modern Proverbs.

It is a wise father who knows his own son after a return from college.

Sometimes you hear of a perfect woman. She is the woman your husband could have married.

Those who would sacrifice their last drop of blood are mostly very sparing with the first.

It is easy to do right when sin ceases to be a pleasure.

The Dog Couldn't See the Joke.

John Joseph Carney, eight years old, living on the island at the foot of Michigan street, Buffalo, went to the Fitch Hospital with lacerations on both legs. He said he had been playing jokes on a yellow dog and that the dog didn't take them right.

A LOWLY LIFE.

So uncomplainingly she bore the moil
Of housewife care and unremitting toil,
And, be it said, throughout her length of days
Her womanly reward was stinted praise.
She lived a life as lowly as the loam,
Yet just her patient smile suggested home
And mother-love that watched o'er trundle-bed,
Till e'en the praiseless husband often said
She made his home-life happy.

So, when the friends had crossed upon her breast
Her tired hands, that she might better rest,
And noted the angelic smile of peace
She wore at labor's end and toil's surcease,
An epitaph to mark her grave they framed,
And, while no deed of martyrdom was named,
The lines told all of wife and mother strife—
They writ beneath her name: "A Farmer's Wife—
She made his home-life happy."

—Roy Farrell Greene, in Good Housekeeping.

Why Mrs. Parker Was Worried.

A WOMAN who lives on the south side relates a horrible experience that she had the other day with one of her husband's debtors.

The debt had been of long standing, and the man who owed the money had been paying it off in regular installments by mail, sometimes inclosing a postoffice order and sometimes a bill. The last time it had been a bill and the letter never came, so he wrote to say that he would make a trip to Chicago and bring the money himself. The day appointed the woman's husband had to be out of town, and he asked her if she wouldn't for once forego the joys of shopping and stay at home and act as cashier, and she agreed to do so in consideration of a reasonable commission on the payment.

"You can give him a receipt for it," said the man, whose name is Parker. "I'll fill it out before I go, and it won't be any trouble to you at all. Treat him nicely, although I needn't tell you to do that—only he's an odd sort of genius and has peculiar little ways. Some of the people out at Waukegan have got the idea that he is a little out of his head, but he isn't, and I will say that there isn't one man in a million that would act as square as he has done. Ask after his son in New York and how he is getting along with his corn-shucking machine. That will please him. Well, good-bye; I've got to hustle."

The Waukegan man arrived on time. He was large, loose jointed and elderly, with a wild eye and a timid, hesitating manner. The fashion of his clothes was decidedly rural and he wore heavy cowhide boots. As he explained the object of his visit he fingered his long, wispy beard nervously and seemed unwilling to look the lady in the face. She invited him in, and after carefully rubbing his boots on the door mat he followed her into the sitting room, where he seated himself on the extreme edge of a chair and gazed earnestly at a crayon portrait that hung over the bookcase.

"Mr. Parker told me to tell you how sorry he was that he couldn't be here to see you," said the woman, with an engaging smile, as she seated herself opposite her visitor.

"Yes'm," coughing behind his hand and transferring his gaze to the clock.

"But he thought as far as the business was concerned that I could attend to it just as well as he could."

There was an embarrassed silence. Mrs. Parker felt the contagion of the man's nervousness. She thought that he certainly was odd—almost alarmingly so. She caught his eye in the course of its wanderings around the room and noticed that he colored slightly. She coughed and he coughed a rasping echo.

"He left me the receipt," she said, at last.

"Yes'm."

Another silence. The man shuffled his feet uneasily and the woman began to feel desperate.

"It was too bad that your last remittance was lost, but Mr. Parker told me to say that he would give you credit for half the amount, or all of it if you thought that he ought to."

"That wouldn't be right," said the man. "I don't want him to lose anything by accommodating me. But you've got a pack of darned thieves here in Chicago—a lot of rascals that ought to be hung. I would help hang them if I had the chance." He spoke with great vehemence and looked at her so angrily that she quailed and wondered if her servant was within call.

"A man's money isn't safe," he added. Then in a gentler tone: "Have you got a bootjack?"

"A bootjack?"

"Oh, well; may be I can manage without, but they come off a trifle stiff." He pressed the toe of one of his boots against the heel of the other and pushed with it; it slipped and his right heel grazed his left instep, and he uttered a cry of pain. The woman started up from her seat with an exclamation of alarm, but her eccentric visitor was between her and the door and she feared that he would jump at her and strangle her before she could reach it. She was, moreover, conscious of sudden weakness in her limbs. Perhaps, she thought, he wasn't really dangerous and she could humor him. It would most likely excite and anger him if she should cry out.

He looked up and said: "Excuse me," then took his boot in his hand and pulled at it violently. Mrs. Parker had heard of the power that a calm, steady look has over the insane. She looked at him calmly and steadily, though her face, she felt, was growing white with terror. The trouble was that he would not look at her, but continued to wrestle with his boot.

At last an energetic wrench brought the boot off and the madman thrust his arm in it up to the elbow. Then he said: "By jinks!" and smiled in an imbecile, self-reproachful sort of way.

"How is your married son in New York?" inquired Mrs. Parker, in a flash of aspiration, moistening her parched lips with her tongue.

"Him?" replied the maniac. "Oh, he's all right—leastways he was when I last heard from him."

He bent down and tackled the other boot, and Mrs. Parker once more rose and tried to edge her way round the table to pass him. He stopped and looked up and she retreated to the window and seated herself, with an assumption of carelessness, on the sill. If the worst came to the worst she might throw herself out and risk the injury that she might sustain from the broken glass and the fall. It was not more than eight or ten feet to the ground, and anything would be preferable to the horror of being in the clutches of a madman.

Then another thought came to her. Perhaps she could attract the attention of some passer-by and dumbly summon assistance. She looked quickly out.

A man was passing—a young man with a quite noticeable dark mustache, fashionably attired and holding his arms gracefully bowed out from his body. Mrs. Parker, who is a good-looking young woman, threw her whole anguished soul into an imploring look and beckoned stealthily but imperatively to him. He smirked engagingly at her in return and raised his hat, hesitated, then smirked again, caressed his little mustache and passed on.

"There!" exclaimed the lunatic.

Mrs. Parker started. He had got the other boot off, and, standing in his stocking feet, was groping inside of it as he had in the other.

"Good joke on me," he said. "I clean forgot which one I put it in, and I couldn't tell nothing by the feel."

Withdrawing his hand he drew out a thin, flat package, and then, moistening his finger, separated from it a $10 bill, which he extended to Mrs. Parker, who looked at it wonderingly for an instant and then dropped into a chair and began to sob hysterically.

It appears that this is not the end. The man from Waukegan who had made a safety-deposit vault of his boot tried for some minutes to soothe and calm the agitated woman, but his gentle ministrations only seemed to make her worse. He stood and tugged helplessly at his beard and then rushed from the room in search of help. Going down stairs he suddenly came upon the servant, who, in consequence of his bootless condition, had not heard his approach. Before he could explain his mission she screamed and fell over against the gas stove in a dead faint, and, as Parker says, there was a dickens of a time generally.

Another thing, there is a young man with a slight, dark mustache who passes the house quite frequently and annoys Mrs. Parker by raising his hat to her and sometimes kissing his hand. Parker has not caught him as yet, but he is biding his time, and has expressed his intention of breaking that young man's darned neck.

As for the Waukegan man, he called at Parker's office for his receipt, and hesitatingly inquired after Mrs. Parker. "You'll excuse me, Henry," he said, "but ain't she a—well, just a little, you know—"

"Hey!" said Parker.

The Waukegan man tapped his forehead significantly with his forefinger.—Chicago Record.

Mature Brides of the Rich Young Men.

Three cases of marriage between the elite of New York where the brides were several years the senior of their youthful mates may not betoken more than accident, but it looks as if a precedent had been inaugurated which in time might be made a fashion. Women age so much faster than men that these five years or less should be on the other side of the family. If the moneyed aristocracy of this country adopts a social custom it goes. "When we were twenty-one" will read some day when he was twenty-one and she was twenty-seven, and the inequality, in spite of beauty doctors, in a decade will be too apparent for the lady's happiness. Lady Randolph Churchill and her young husband are not yet discontented with their match, but Mrs. Langtry, who wedded a comparative juvenile, has already found her doll is filled with sawdust. However, marriage is a lottery anyhow, and it is a question if rich young men are not safer with women older than themselves.—Boston Herald.

English Song Birds For India.

Darjeeling, the mountain sanitorium of Bengal, is getting tired of talking of the tornado that wrecked the station a couple of years ago. So the improvement committee have thought of something else. They declare themselves dissatisfied with the cuckoo, hitherto Darjeeling's almost sole feathered warbler, and are trying to import English song birds, at a pound apiece, to plant in the woods, says a Calcutta correspondent. It is a bad lookout for the songsters, as the woods are full of Himalayan ravens, and Himalayan ravens feed on young birds. But the improvement committee are sanguine, and the lieutenant-governor of Bengal is alleged to have made the suggestion, so nobody protests. The ravens, by the way, are said themselves to have been imported some years ago by the maharajah of Darbhanga.

THE STORY OF WINDSOR.

An English Castle Since the Norman Conquest.

Those of us who have passed pleasant hours wandering roundabout Windsor Castle are very vividly reminded of it by the sad ceremonies performed there recently. The history of Windsor Castle is the history of England since the Norman Conquest.

Edward the Confessor granted the site of the castle and the town to the Abbot of Westminster, but William the Conqueror was so struck with the beauty of the surrounding scenery and the importance of the situation as a military post that he "traded" with the Abbot for some lands in Essex, and erected a fortress, which Henry the First enlarged.

Court was first held in the new palace in 1110, after which it was often the scene of regal festivities.

Stephen during his reign considered it only next in importance as a stronghold to the Tower of London.

Henry II. held a parliament within its walls in 1170, when, in addition to the English Barons, King William of Scotland was present.

Nothing but the fear of treachery prevented Windsor from being associated with Magna Charta, instead of the neighboring plain of Runnymede, where the meeting of the Barons and King John took place.

Contending factions alternately had possession of the castle during the reign of Henry III., and many alterations were made during that period. Indeed, the only parts which remain exactly as in the time of Henry III. are the towers on the western wall, and even these have been refaced.

While alterations were going on in 1852, some houses being pulled down in Thames street, a subterranean passage, from the Garter tower to the bottom of the ditch, with the masonry in good condition, was discovered. The magnitude of this is appreciated by looking down the precipitous "Castle slopes" from the heights of the north terrace. This noble promenade was added by Queen Elizabeth.

Another "sally port" was discovered later on the south side, but is probably later than Henry III.

Windsor was the principal residence of the first and second Edwards, and here Edward III. was born.

Edward III., who instituted the noble Order of the Garter, rebuilt the castle almost entirely, employing William de Wykeham (Bishop of Winchester) as superintendent of the works at a weekly salary of seven shillings, with three more for his clerk. He also rebuilt the chapel of St. George.

In 1554, August 3, Queen Mary and her consort, Philip II. of Spain, made their grand public entry into Windsor.

To Charles I. this castle was first a palace and then a prison.

Charles II., the "Merry Monarch," took up his residence here after the restoration, and made "alterations" rather than improvements. His interior changes are not criticised, however.

Noble avenues of elm and beech trees, and park improvements generally marked the regimes of William III. and Queen Anne.

George I., who frequently resided here, introduced the Continental custom of dining in public every Thursday.

George III. made it his chief residence. Mainly out of his own private purse he restored the north front, renovated the Chapel Royal and built the Royal Vault.

In 1823, when George IV. took up his residence here, began the enormous expenditure that made the castle what it is to-day.

His brother, the "Sailor King," William IV., though very popular, received little credit for the carrying on of this work.

But the entire plan, made by Sir Jeffrey Wyattville, in 1824, was only completed in the reign of Victoria, who is to rest here, where, with the Prince Consort, she loved to live a beautiful home life so different from the hollow pomp and circumstance which distinguished that of most of her predecessors.

Windsor Castle and Windsor town are on the best of terms, the latter being the dearest, sleepiest, old place possible.

Growth of Freight Cars in a Decade.

To-day the freight car that has not a capacity of at least 60,000 pounds is considered rather out of date, and cars for handling heavy freights, such as ore and coal, are constructed with a capacity of 100,000 pounds. The size of the locomotives and the weight of the rail in the track has been correspondingly increased. When the large capacity cars began to come into use, a switchman on the Union Pacific road happened to see one of the old and small Union Pacific cars between two of the large and modern type, and he wrote on the car with chalk: "Oh little boxcar, don't you cry; you'll be a freight-house by and by." Another employe seeing one of the modern coal cars, with its unusually high sides, wrote on it: "Shop! No roof."—The National Magazine.

Irish Humor About British Soldiers.

There must have been at least one interval in the Authors' Club's recent dinner to Captain Hedworth Lambton of Ladysmith fame when every one was in a thoroughly good humor. Dr. Conan Doyle must have been moderately sure of it, too, else he would never have dared to tell to his fellow Britishers there a story which he did, for its point has been touched on once or twice during this war with some acidity. This was the story:

An officer was giving his men a little lecture on the war and its lessons and asked:

"How do the Boers, fight?"

"Behind the rocks, sir," a soldier replied.

"And how do the English fight?"

"Behind the Irish, sir."

HER IDEAL.

She wouudn't marry one who smoked,
She wouldn't wed with one who swore;
She wouldn't have a man whose heart
Had ever leaped for love before.

She wouldn't marry one whose height
Was less than five feet nine or ten;
The man who came to win her heart
Must have command o'er other men!

The man that she was looking for
Came by, one day, and claimed her hand—
She spent her honeymoon in tears;
The fellow snored to beat the band.

—Chicago Times-Herald.

PITH AND POINT.

Blobbs—"Has she given you any encouragement?" Slobbs—"Well, she asked me if I liked sugar and cream in my coffee."

"That's right, my boy, I am glad you have thrashed the miller's son. But what had he done to you?" "He said I looked like you, father."—Tit-Bits.

Engagements never should be long,
Ye swains who go to court
Take heed! The long engagement's wrong—
It keeps a fellow short.

—Philadelphia Press.

"I shall make a fortune out of my new musical box. You put a penny in the slot and——" "And the thing plays a popular air?" "No, it stops playing one."—Tit-Bits.

"I hear a lot of the rich young men in town have organized a suicide club." "Yes. They're killing themselves with late hours and high living."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Men are examples; hurrying through
This world because they've got to.
A very few show what to do,
But more show us what not to.

—Washington Star.

"Come, children," said Mr. Widwer, introducing the second Mrs. Widwer, "come and kiss your new mamma." "Gracious!" exclaimed little Elsie, "if you took her for 'new' they stuck you pa."—Philadelphia Press.

"Is it a fact that Mrs. Van Upanup's ball was a larger affair that Mrs. De Paster-Stone's?" "Oh, decidedly! Mrs. Van Upanup had fully 3000 detectives at her ball, whereas Mrs. De Paster-Stone had but a scant 2500."—Detroit Free Press.

"Well, Borus," said Naggus, the eminent literary critic, "I see you began the new century right." "How's that?" asked Borus, the struggling author. "I don't understand." "You didn't write any poem about it."—Chicago Tribune.

"And I want to say 'To my husband,' in an appropriate place," said the widow, in conclusion, to Slab, the gravestone man. "Yessum," said Slab. And the inscription went on: "To my husband. In an appropriate place."—Tit-Bits.

"I don't know who first said figures couldn't lie," said the young woman, "but I would bet any old sum that the person was a man." Then, for the fourth time, she tried to make her personal account book balance.—Indianapolis Press.

"Can't you afford to wear better clothes than those?" asked the sympathetic woman of the street beggar, as she eyed his tattered garments. "No, ma'am, I really can't," was the mendicant's reply; "these togs is what I beg in."—Yonkers Statesman.

Sick Man—"Is this the Western Sanitarium?" New Girl (mystified)—"This is Dr. Blank's house." "Yes, but doesn't he take sick persons to nurse sometimes?" "Oh! Maybe he does. There's two or three skeletons in the back office."—Christian Register.

Mistress—"Remember, Bridget, we want dinner served promptly at 6. What time is it now?" Bridget—"'Tis 3 o'clock, joost." Mistress—"Well, you'd better begin to make the frozen custard for dessert in that five-minute ice-cream freezer."—Philadelphia Press.

English Red.

Iron oxide is a material of considerable importance, though not wanted in very large quantities, as a polishing agent for glass, etc., and also as a coloring matter. It is not used in the pure state, but the admixtures and impurities must be restricted to within certain limits. It is a bye-product from the manufacture of sulphuric acid, alum, and or vitriol from pyrites. Hardness and fineness are the chief requisites. In testing such natural or artificial preparations, the substance is not further ground, but dissolved in hydrochloric acid, and the iron, aluminium, calcium, magnesium, and copper contained in the filtrate are determined. The residue is essentially silica; further mica, quartz, feldspar, substances which can be distinguished under the microscope, and which give clues as to the origin of the material. Good English red is an expensive substance, and should contain a high percentage of iron oxide, ninety per cent. and more. No hard impurities can be tolerated.—Scientific American.

The Automobile.

The self-propelling vehicle has attracted the imagination of inventors for many years. Not until the last decade of the nineteenth century, however, did the machines which we now know as automobiles become perfected to the point where they could be adopted for general use. Inasmuch as it is still too bulky in form, the automobile can hardly yet be called a finished product. But so far as doing away with underfed and overworked horses is concerned, and in view also of its speed and comfort, the automobile may safely be set down among the less marvels of the 100 years just passing, and its day is rapidly approaching, if not already arrived.

The Value of a Great Painting.

It appears that Turner originally disposed of his great painting "The Grand Canal, Venice," now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, for $1000. Its value now is estimated at $125,000, and Mr. Vanderbilt is said to have paid $75,000 for it.